Monster

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Monster

by sourweather

Summary

Someone is stupid enough to break into Will and Hannibal's home. It goes really poorly for them, but really well for the Murder Husbands

Notes

Thanks so much to Zilla for this awesome prompt! It was really fun to make <3

Hannibal Lecter is a monster.

Never has this been more apparent than now, as Will stands in the threshold of their dining room. Hannibal's warning to stay put had only worked on Will for a minute at most— his husband's aggressive conviction carrying enough weight to hold him in place— but evidently that minute had been long enough.

He isn't sure who the intruder now staining their floorboards was. If he'd been something as simple as a common burglar, or a rogue agent with law enforcement, or another killer looking to earn some acclaim. In this moment it hardly feels like it matters.

Hannibal's breaths are coming harsh and low where he stands over the lifeless body of their would-be-threat, though his panting doesn't seem to be from struggle. It had been quick and brutal, by the looks of it. One long blade had been removed from its home in their knife block and found refuge in Hannibal's large, expert hands. No fanfare, no ceremony. Hannibal had found him in their dining room— searching for valuables, evidence, warm bodies— and slit his throat with horrible efficiency.

No, the reason for his distress is obvious when he looks up from his fresh prey and locks eyes with Will. Dark, those eyes. Black on black in the low light of their sleeping home. But there's a fire in them, too.

This has never happened before. Since their fall, the two of them have been Apex Predators. They have no natural enemies to fear. And now, someone— however disposable they were beneath Hannibal's power— had committed the ultimate sin of threatening Will's safety. He'd come into their home, stepped where Will and Hannibal shared meals, harbored ill intent towards them— towards *Will*. Hannibal was alight with territorial rage, he was furious. And Will—

Will loves his monster.

He's moving before he can think, drawn in by how the spray from their intruder's carotid artery has stained those wicked, possessive hands. Hands that are on Will the moment he's within reach, knife clattering to the floor as Will steps over the corpse and into his husband's embrace. Their kiss is fierce, primal and heated where Will licks the edges of pointed teeth with a gratified groan. Hannibal growls into Will's mouth. His hands leave crimson trails up Will's back beneath his sleep shirt, his nails raising possessive marks as he claws over his shoulder blades.

Will gasps into their kiss when Hannibal rips the shirt apart, tearing it off to fall in tatters at their feet. In another state of mind, Will might have been annoyed about that. Might has teasingly told Hannibal that it would've taken seconds to just remove the damned thing. As it stands, the display of raw desire sends blood rushing to his cock, a high little moan rising from his throat. Hannibal shoves Will's boxers down, groping hungrily at his ass with a satisfied grunt.

The air is knocked out of him when Hannibal spins him and shoves him over the table. His husband's imposing, terrible form drapes over Will's body, the fur of his chest matted with drying blood and pressed to Will's naked spine. Will's bitten nails scrabble uselessly at the wood finish when Hannibal grinds against him. The weight of his cock through Hannibal's sleep pants, wet with already leaking precome, makes Will arch his back eagerly. The roll of their hips drags Will's cock obscenely over the surface of the table, pinned against his stomach as he pants with anticipation.

"Mine," Hannibal growls, the first word that's been said between them since Hannibal left bed to dispose of their intruder. Will groans, his lashes fluttering as Hannibal takes the flesh of his neck into his mouth, biting hard enough to raise angry red marks.

"Yes," Will grunts, pressing closer. He's still loose, still ready after riding Hannibal into the mattress before the two went off to bed a handful of hours ago, and all he wants is to get fucked senseless by the man who just killed for him. Again. "Yes, fuck— I'm yours. I'm yours, darlin', take me."

Will bites his tongue to keep from whining when Hannibal straightens, but the next moment there's a pair of wide, lethal hands spreading his ass. He twists his neck to peer up at Hannibal over his shoulder, and a Beast stares back at him. Hannibal's eyes are almost swallowed by black, his gaze feral and fearsome. It makes Will shudder from head to toe, brings him back to his little house in Wolf Trap. Back to the guilty nights he spent with his head full of the Chesapeake Ripper and three fingers in his own hole.

"Go on," Will urges. "Claim me, Hannibal."

Hannibal doesn't blink, maintaining the fiery eye contact as he bends forward and spits. Will bites his lip. That's a rare sight, one that drives him absolutely wild. Two thick fingers rub the saliva over Will's entrance before thrusting roughly inside, filling the dining room with wet, slick sounds as Will mewls.

Will's cock drools over the tabletop. He lifts himself onto his toes, pleading quietly for Hannibal to finger him harder, deeper, meaner. Maybe a few years ago, the digits working inside of him would've been enough. But that was before he became accustomed to more. Before Hannibal.

Fucking sue him, he's a bit of a size queen. There are worse things that turn him on. "Hannibal, please," he whimpers, and it edges on pitiful.

The feeling of emptiness only plagues him for a moment, and then the wet head of Hannibal's cock is breaching him. Will's breath gets caught in his throat. The stretch sends him off balance and his knees buckle, sending him collapsing against the table. Hannibal's grip is bruising on Will's hips when he thrusts, filling him so suddenly that it wrenches a broken groan from Will's throat.

Even after taking Hannibal dozens of times, even as ready as he is, even though Will is more turned on than he ever thought possible every time it happens— he always struggles with this at first. Always squirms under Hannibal and claws at whatever's in reach, almost as if he actually wants it to stop. They both know better than that, though. Both of them know why

the air is whistling through Will's grit teeth and his entire body seems to jump, even without the puddle forming under his flushed, aching cock.

Hannibal isn't in the mood to watch Will squirm, apparently. He wraps a hand around the back of Will's neck, the heel of his palm sending a delicious rush of pain through the fresh bruises there. He pins Will firmly in place, his cheek pressed hard to the table, and begins fucking into him with abandon.

Will is devolved, in these moments. Invariably, Hannibal reduces him to something incapable of higher thought. Beastial where he lay, a creature of sensation and emotion alone. All he knows is the sound of his and Hannibal's breath, the scent of sweat and their prey's blood on the air. An ache in his muscles, a wetness in his eyes, *pleasure*. Bone-deep, agonizing pleasure, like nothing anyone or anything else in his life has ever offered him.

Barely present, Will casts his bleary eyes toward the far window. There, reflected in the glass, he sees himself. Lily white and trembling, a massive, snarling abomination at his back. Its claws dig into his hip, his nape, binding him more surely than iron. Its gaping maw, panting hot and wet where its spine curls over Will's prone form. He's shielded, here. The gnarled, sprawling thicket of his monster's antlers seem to bracket him as surely as a fortress. Safe.

Will cries out, hands reaching to grip its antlers for leverage. Hannibal growls low, snapping his teeth and releasing Will's neck just to take him by both hips and slam into him. It's too much to resist, the raging tide of him, and Will comes with a howl. His come splatters over the tabletop and his own heaving stomach, his voice a chorus of senseless moans and half-sentiments.

Hannibal isn't far behind— the hot, wet flat of his tongue laving over Will's marked nape as he plasters their sweaty bodies together and fills him. The squeak Will lets out is somewhat undignified, but he struggles to care when he's heavy with his husband's release, Hannibal's lips pressing famished kisses to every inch he can reach.

He manages a weak protest when, some minutes later, Hannibal pulls himself away. His husband only laughs, breathy and warm where it lies over Will's nerves.

"Wouldn't you like to be somewhere more comfortable, dearest?" Hannibal teases, and Will smiles weakly when he notes how his husband sounds like *himself* again.

"Can't," Will mutters, and Hannibal kisses a line down his back.

"Can't what, love?"

Will grunts, grimacing at the feeling of Hannibal's come running down his thighs. "Can't move."

Hannibal chuckles again, and without another word he takes Will easily into his arms. In any other circumstances, Will might complain about being carried around the house. Tonight, seeing as his limbs feel like dead weights, he allows it.

He peers up at Hannibal through a barely cracked lid, already careening towards sleep in the warmth of his husband's arms. "Hey."

"Hm?"

"Thanks, for... taking care of that, back there."

Hannibal doesn't disguise how proud he feels. It's cute. "I shall always protect you, my sweet Will."

Will smiles, nuzzling his face against Hannibal's chest. "I know you will."

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